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EDITORIALS BY JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN

## Memorial Day

WITH increased solemnity Memorial day will this year be ushered in. It was instituted and set aside in our country originally, to decorate the graves of the sacred dead who had died in war.

The people of the different sections of our country had become so estranged that a conflict had been inaugurated and a fearful war which lasted four years had been fought through; the issue being whether the union and the free government which the fathers had planned, should continue, or should cease to exist.

Under the abrasion of that war four hundred thousand men, the best and bravest of the nation gave their lives.

The decree, written in blood and tears, was that the great hope of the world should not be blasted, that the union should not be dissolved; that "free government should not perish from the earth."

Then the thought came, too, that, maybe, what had happened had been planned by a higher than mortal power; that what was intended was to teach our nation that a great national wrong was a debt, a debt bearing interest and that every such debt had to be fully paid, principal and interest.

Then came the thought of the dead who had died in that bloody liquidation and generous natures on both sides, through their tears, said: "Surely brave men can give no higher proof of their sincerity in a cause than to die for it, let us garland alike the graves of the Blue and the Gray."

It was in that way that Memorial day was instituted in our country. Its observance has been a strong factor in healing the wounds made by the war, and covering the scars that were left from it.

This year the thoughts of all men, consciously or unconsciously, are busy contemplating the tremendous tragedy in which nearly all the nations of Europe are actors, and the multitudes of the dead who will not be given even graves that friends can bedew with tears and dress with flowers, and the sorrow of it all makes a shadow on our fair skies and upon the hearts of men. It is the deeper because of the belief that if the greed of commercialism and the lust of power could be eliminated from the war beyond the seas, nothing worth quarreling over would be left, and hence there can be no compensation for the mighty sacrifices; unless, indeed, the awful cataclysm undermines some thrones and dispels the claim that kings are hedged about by rights divine.

In our country, by common consent, Memorial day has become a day on which to dress the

graves of all our dead with flowers. Those graves have increased very fast during the past two years of men who had long been familiar forms on our streets and who had for a long time been strong factors in the life and progress of this city.

It is a practice with some orders to once a year hold a memorial service for their dead and one feature of the ceremony is to call the roll of the names of the dead of their order who had died during the previous year. If we in thought imitate that custom tomorrow and call the names of those citizens who have recently died and who it was hard to give up, the sunlight will be dimmed by our tears, for many of them lived such lives here, that to give them up is a lasting sorrow; so true were they, so strong and brave; so high their purposes; so effective was their work; so blameless and so self-sacrificing their lives; so leaned upon were they by their fellow men; so inspiring their examples; so needed were they.

The day is a sacred one. While the graves are being dressed, draped flags and solemn music will be in order, together with the pathos of that eloquence which is born of reverence and sorrow and gratitude for exalted services nobly performed.

Maybe in the ether above the graves the old shining ranks, invisible to mortal eyes, will be watching, the muffled drums, soundless here, will be rolling, the phantom flags will be waving and the old captains watching and listening as the wireless of eternity carries upward the invocations and the music of a grateful people.

## Franz Joseph

WHEN the work of the great law-giver of Israel was finished, as the story runs—from the heights of Pisgah he was given a view of the promised land toward which for forty years he had been struggling, but was never to reach. From his cradle in the bullrushes up to manhood; through the years in which he acquired all the wisdom of the Egyptians; then his call to the leadership of an enslaved people; his buffetings with kings and priests; the plagues, the sorrows, the tragedy of the final exit; the wanderings in the wilderness for two score years; the splendor and terror of Sinai; the marvelous code under which men were, when advanced enough, to learn the necessity of a government of law and the imperative need of proper sanitation; the trials; the triumphs through which he had wrought out an immortal fame for himself; this was the picture that shone behind him when he climbed Pisgah, to be given, before his eyes were to finally close, a vision of the land which he had dreamed of for his people through the watches of half a century.

Reading that magnificent drama ones mind involuntarily turns to a history of our own day. Was there ever a drama with more sombre and tragic tints than the life of Franz Joseph of Austria has been?

Given an empire to rule, there were doubtless thousands of the world's rulers and the scions of

royal houses, who envied him when he ascended the throne, but could there be a Pisgah for him to climb from the crest of which he was to see what the future of his country was to be; would not his prayer be, "If it is to be as sorrowful and dark and lonely as my life has been, spare me from seeing it?"

He stands today like a lonely oak in a dead forest. The hurricanes of four score years have beat upon it; forest fires have consumed surrounding trees and blasted its own limbs; the cyclones have swept every bird that nested in its branches away; the frosts of sorrow have withered its heart; its scant foliage is shriveled and no longer is fit for it a crown—it seems to no longer have an excuse for standing except that it is too proud and brave to fall.

His beautiful empress assassinated; the first rightful heir to the throne murdered or a suicide; the second heir and his lovely wife assassinated; his brother who hoped to be an emperor and to make a great name as the redeemer of a distracted country captured and shot and his lovely empress left a hopeless lunatic for whom no merciful death seems waiting; a disastrous war with France, another with Prussia; years of fierce dissensions in his own dominions and now involved in a war that threatens the very existence of his empire; what history in all the world is a parallel of his?

Often prostrated by fearful illness, more than once reported dead; the splendor of his surroundings a mockery; his people dying by tens of thousands to support his tottering throne; one would think that his prayer by day and by night would be, not for a vision of a Land of Promise, but for the rest of that sleep which is not vexed by dreams or any fear of an awakening.

## Do the Right Thing!

THIS is a time for all Americans to keep their heads level.

The American race is a blending of all European races. In the past fifteen years quite a million per annum of those Europeans have landed on our shores and have merged, or are merging, with our race. Many of these still remember the land of their birth and in the conflict now being waged across the sea, have natural sympathies with native land. But that does not change their ideas of their duties toward our country and government. Indeed many of these came away because they thought they saw in the signs of the times what they believed to be a certain premonition that what has come to their own countries would surely come, and they came away to avoid its horrors.

There are many men and a few newspapers on our soil that are trying to promote discord here; to array these immigrants from the different countries one against another and to excite the masses of the American people behind these immigrants to break the spirit of the neutrality that has so far been maintained. All these should be frowned down.

We are not secure against war. Mexico is a constant menace; Japan, by its acts, no matter